



[SONNETS.]

SONNET I.



MISTRESS I Behold,
in this true speaking

Glass,

Thy Beauty's graces! of
all women rarest!
Where thou raay'st

find how largely they
surpass

And stain in glorious loveliness, the
fairest. But read, sweet Mistress!
and behold it
nearer!

Pond'ring my sorrow's outrage with some pity.
Then shalt thou find no worldly creature
dearer, Than thou to me, thyself, in each Love
Ditty! But, in this Mirror, equally compare Thy
matchless beauty, with mine endless grief!
There, like thyself none can be found so fair;
Of chiefest pains, there, are my pains the chief.
Betwixt these both, this one doubt shalt thou
find! Whether are, here, extremest, in their
kind ?